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Celebration

of the

Fiftieth Anniversary

of the

Unveiling of the Henry Clay Monument  
in New Orleans

Under the Auspices of the Henry Clay Anniversary Committee

April 12, 1910



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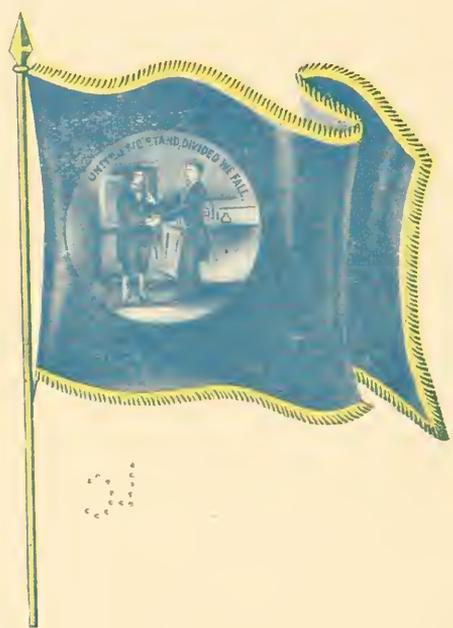


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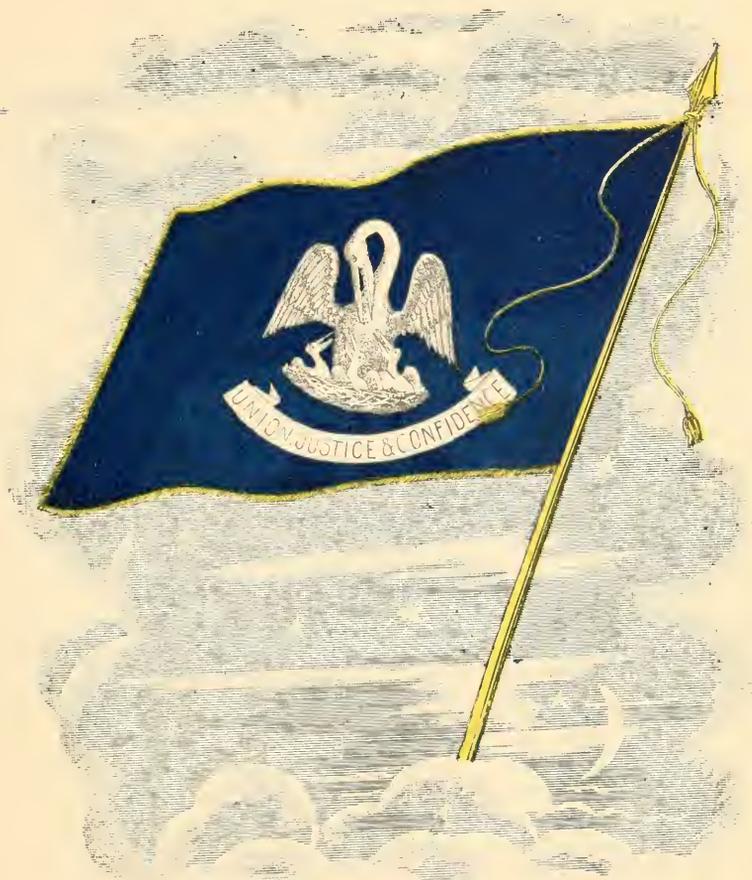
REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE  
KENTUCKY SOCIETY OF LOUISIANA.



- CAPT. P. S. MORRIS.  
MR. E. T. GEORGE.  
MR. J. J. ROCHESTER,  
*Secretary of the Henry Clay Anniversary Committee.*  
GEN. A. B. BOOTH.  
MR. J. C. WICKLIFFE.  
MR. ALEXANDER M. SAVAGE.

W. O. Hart

REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE  
LOUISIANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.



PROF. ALCEE FORTIER.

MR. W. O. HART,

*Chairman Henry Clay Anniversary Committee.*

MR. CHARLES G. GILL.

MR. H. G. MORGAN, JR.

JUDGE HENRY RENSHAW.

# Program.

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At 10:30 o'clock a. m. members of the Kentucky Society of Louisiana and of the Louisiana Historical Society will assemble at the Clay Monument in Lafayette Square, when the tablet which they have caused to be placed on the Monument will be uncovered by Miss Dorothy Kernan, representing Virginia; Miss Bessie Tichenor, representing Kentucky, and Miss H. Evelyn Pigott, representing Louisiana. It reads as follows:

**"Corner-stone Laid April 12, 1856.**

**"Monument Unveiled April 12, 1860.**

**"This Tablet Placed by the Henry Clay Anniversary Committee,**

**"April 12, 1910."**

*Music—"America."*

The United States flag used on this occasion has fifteen alternate red and white stripes and fifteen stars on the blue field, and was the form of flag adopted by Congress soon after Kentucky was admitted into the Union as the fifteenth State.

This flag was first used May 1, 1795, and continued to be the flag of this country until April 13, 1818, when the stripes were reduced to thirteen, as they had been on the original flag, and that number has been continued ever since.

The original flag had thirteen stars, and since 1818 a new star is added for each State admitted to the Union on the 4th of July after the admission. There was no flag with fourteen stars following the admission of Vermont, and no stars were separately added for States admitted between 1795 and 1818.

# SONGS

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## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,  
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day;  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy and bright;  
By'n by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

### *Chorus.*

Weep no more, my lady! Oh, weep no more to-day!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the 'coon  
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon  
On the bench by the old cabin door.  
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come when the darkies have to part—  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

### *Chorus.*

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,  
Wherever the darky may go;  
A few more days and all the trouble will end  
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.  
A few more days for to tote the weary load—  
No matter, 'twill never be light;  
A few more days till we totter on the road,  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

### *Chorus.*

## GOOD OLD NEW ORLEANS.

There's a place 'way down in Southland,  
The fairest ever seen,  
Where the streets are lined with stately palms,  
And the grass is always green;  
Orange trees and sweet magnolia,  
Roses and jessamine vine,  
With fragrance fill the air,  
And I wish that I were there—  
This dear old Southern home of mine.

*Chorus.*

Good old New Orleans,  
Dear old New Orleans,  
The place that I love best;  
I have seen the cities of the North and East,  
And likewise of the West.  
Good old New Orleans,  
Dear old New Orleans,  
That's where I long to be.  
No matter where I roam, New Orleans is my home,  
New Orleans is the place for me.

*Chorus.*

When I'm feeling sad and lonely,  
And my heart is filled with gloom,  
Visions of my dear old Southern home,  
Where the flowers all winter bloom,  
Chase away my gloom and sadness,  
Turning my thoughts to thee,  
Queen City of the South,  
On the Mississippi's mouth—  
Oh, that's the only place for me!

*Chorus.*

*(From the New Orleans Times-Democrat, Sunday, April 10, 1910.)*

**HENRY CLAY.**

This statue was first erected on Canal Street, the pedestal later changed and made higher, and is now in Lafayette Square.

By these presents, greeting,  
Henry Clay!  
May you stand your ground forever,  
And for aye!  
With glad right hand extending  
In welcome never ending  
To all strangers who come wending  
Our way.

When your pedestal spread outward  
To the street  
In years gone by, as night cooled  
Summer's heat,  
Tramps and gamins quite unnumbered,  
Who with homes were unincumbered,  
In security have slumbered  
At your feet.

'Round about you've surged a merry,  
Happy crowd,  
Gayly humming Rex's anthem  
Out aloud,  
The Carnivalian ditty,  
Emblematic of our city,  
Of whose esprit gay and witty  
We are proud.

And patriots have rallied  
At your base;  
And before you on the levee  
Was the place  
Where, one fourteenth of September,  
Proudly citizens remember,  
Died the governmental ember  
Of disgrace.

You knew our fathers' fathers  
"Fo' de wah,"  
And you saw them live and flourish,  
And you saw  
Chaperoning many a trouble  
Since, when Justice proves a bubble,  
How determined people double  
Up the law.

So, in common slang and parlance  
Of the day,  
I am not about to hand you  
A bouquet  
When I state that our desire  
To raise you somewhat higher  
Up above the trolley wire,  
Henry Clay,

Was not an idle fancy,  
But was true  
And inevitable progress,  
And for you;  
Not a merely passing notion,  
But our tribute of devotion,  
Civil service's promotion—  
Your due.

Now you are where you belong,  
On the square,  
Which, though named for a man who  
Isn't there,  
Is within the Council's call,  
Near our Old Fellows' Hall—  
What more would you want,  
Could you care?

Be it truth or be it slander  
Henry Clay,  
You, they tell us, long ago were  
Very gay;  
That you sported cap and gown,  
Were the talk of all the town,  
And could toss a highball—down,  
So they say.

You came, there's no denying,  
From a State  
Where youth can be quite sober  
And sedate;  
Where men know how to prize  
A horse, and woman's eyes;  
Were you wise or otherwise,  
You were great.

Now you stand so high and mighty  
And serene,  
And Time's relentless fingers  
Intervene,  
Though your bronze heart beats no faster  
Now at joy than at disaster,  
Yet of men you're still a master  
Can be seen.

So, by all these presents, greeting,  
Henry Clay;  
For we know you and will love you,  
Ay, for aye;  
With glad right hand extending  
In welcome never ending  
To all people who come wending  
Our way.

JENNY WILDE.

### LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

I'm dreaming now of Hallie, sweet Hallie, sweet Hallie,  
I'h dreaming now of Hallie,  
For the thought of her is one that never dies;  
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,  
She's sleeping in the valley,  
And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

#### *Chorus.*

Listen to the mocking bird,  
Listen to the mocking bird,  
The mocking bird is singing o'er her grave;  
Listen to the mocking bird,  
Listen to the mocking bird,  
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,  
Ah! well I yet remember,  
When we gathered in the cotton side by side;  
'Twas in the mild September, September, September,  
'Twas in the mild September,  
And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

#### *Chorus.*

When the charms of spring awaken, awaken, awaken,  
When the charms of spring awaken,  
And the mocking bird is singing on the bough,  
I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,  
I feel like one forsaken,  
Since my Hallie is no longer with me now.

#### *Chorus.*

### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in the air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.  
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and wild war's desolation;  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land  
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

### LOUISIANA.

Land of the brave—aye, the gallant and bold,  
Louisiana.

Home of the lads with hearts good as gold,  
Louisiana.

Unequaled in beauty the great wide world o'er;  
The names of thy sons reach from shore to shore;  
Yea, the names of thy sons reach from shore to shore;  
Louisiana.

Blest are the mortals whose feet touch thy strand,  
Louisiana.

Home of my childhood, imperial land,  
Louisiana.

Thy rich, fertile soil is forever renown'd;  
Thy forests in numerous trees still abound;  
Thy melodious songs unsurpassed, aye, in sound,  
Louisiana.

Mild are the winters that visit thy shore,  
Louisiana.

Beautiful birds through thy balmy air soar,  
Louisiana.

Leader of all, bright and glorious land,  
Pray tell me the country which with thee can stand;  
For surely thy fields have been touched by God's hand,  
Louisiana.

### CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINY.

Carry me back to old Virginy,  
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow,  
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,  
There's where the old darky's heart am long'd to go.  
There's where I labor'd so hard for old massa,  
Day after day, in the field of yellow corn,  
No place on earth do I love more sincerely  
Than old Virginy, the State where I was born.

#### *Chorus.*

Carry me back to old Virginy,  
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow;  
Carry me back to old Virginy,  
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow,  
There's where the birds warble in the springtime,  
There's where this old darky's heart am long'd to go.  
There's where the birds warble in the springtime,  
There's where this old darky's heart am long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginy,  
There let me live till I wither and decay;  
Long by the old Dismal Swamp I wandere'd,  
There's where this old darky's life will pass away.  
Massa and missis have long gone before me,  
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore;  
Then we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,  
There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.

#### *Chorus.*

# Exercises at Progressive Union Hall

Meeting called to order at 11 o'clock a. m. by Mr. W. O. Hart, Chairman of the Henry Clay Anniversary Committee.

Invocation—Rev. A. Gordon Bakewell, Chaplain of the Kentucky Society of Louisiana.

Addresses of Welcome—Hon. H. Garland Dupre, representing the Mayor of New Orleans; Prof. Alcée Fortier, President of the Louisiana Historical Society.

Presentation of Capt. P. S. Morris, President of the Kentucky Society of Louisiana, as Presiding Officer.

Address—"Henry Clay in Virginia and Kentucky, the Clay Family in Louisiana, and a History of the Erection of the Clay Monument in New Orleans," by Judge Henry Renshaw, of the Louisiana Historical Society.

Introduction of Mr. C. G. Marks, who as a boy witnessed the unveiling of the Clay Monument, and who will present one of the badges used on that occasion to the Louisiana Historical Society.

Address—"Henry Clay in New Orleans, the Steamboats 'Henry Clay,' Clay Square, Henry Clay Avenue and Clay Street," by Mr. J. J. Rochester, Secretary of the Kentucky Society of Louisiana.

"Henry Clay," an original poem, composed and read by Miss Jenny Wilde, of the Louisiana Historical Society.

Address—"Henry Clay and Kentucky," by Col. J. C. Wickliffe, former President of the Kentucky Society of Louisiana.

Benediction—Rev. W. A. Barr.

## Incidental Music.

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### Vocal.

*“My Old Kentucky Home.”*

*“Louisiana.”*

*“Carry Me Back to Old Virginia.”*

*“Listen to the Mocking Bird.”*

*“Good Old New Orleans.”*

Miss Leontine Pinski, Miss Renée David, Miss May De Poorter, Miss Anna Veechini, Soloists.

*Violin Solo—“Rhapsody of Southern Airs.”*

By Miss Nellie Ready, Mascot of Camp Beauregard No. 130, U. S. C. V.  
Accompanist—Miss Arabella Ross.

*“The Star-Spangled Banner.”*

Led by Mr. T. O. Adams.

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### Instrumental Music,

*Piano—“A Confederate Welcome.”*

*“Nearer, My God, to Thee.”*

*“Hail to the Chief!”*

*“Auld Lang Syne.”*

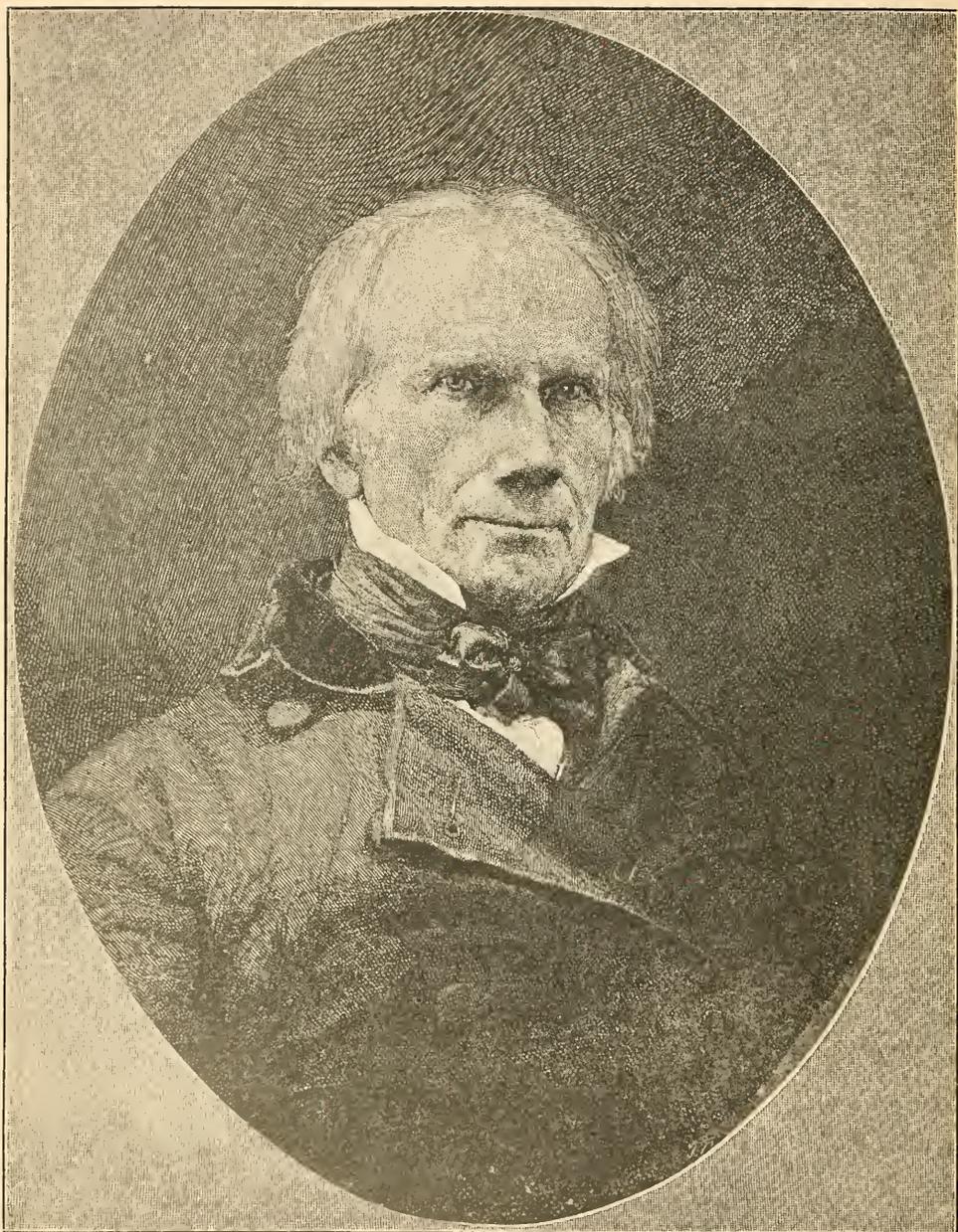
*“Dixie.”*

By Band From United States Battleship “Wisconsin,”  
W. S. Albaugh, Bandmaster.

BADGE WORN BY MR. C. G. MARKS, THEN A BOY, WHEN THE  
HENRY CLAY MONUMENT WAS UNVEILED,  
APRIL 12, 1860.



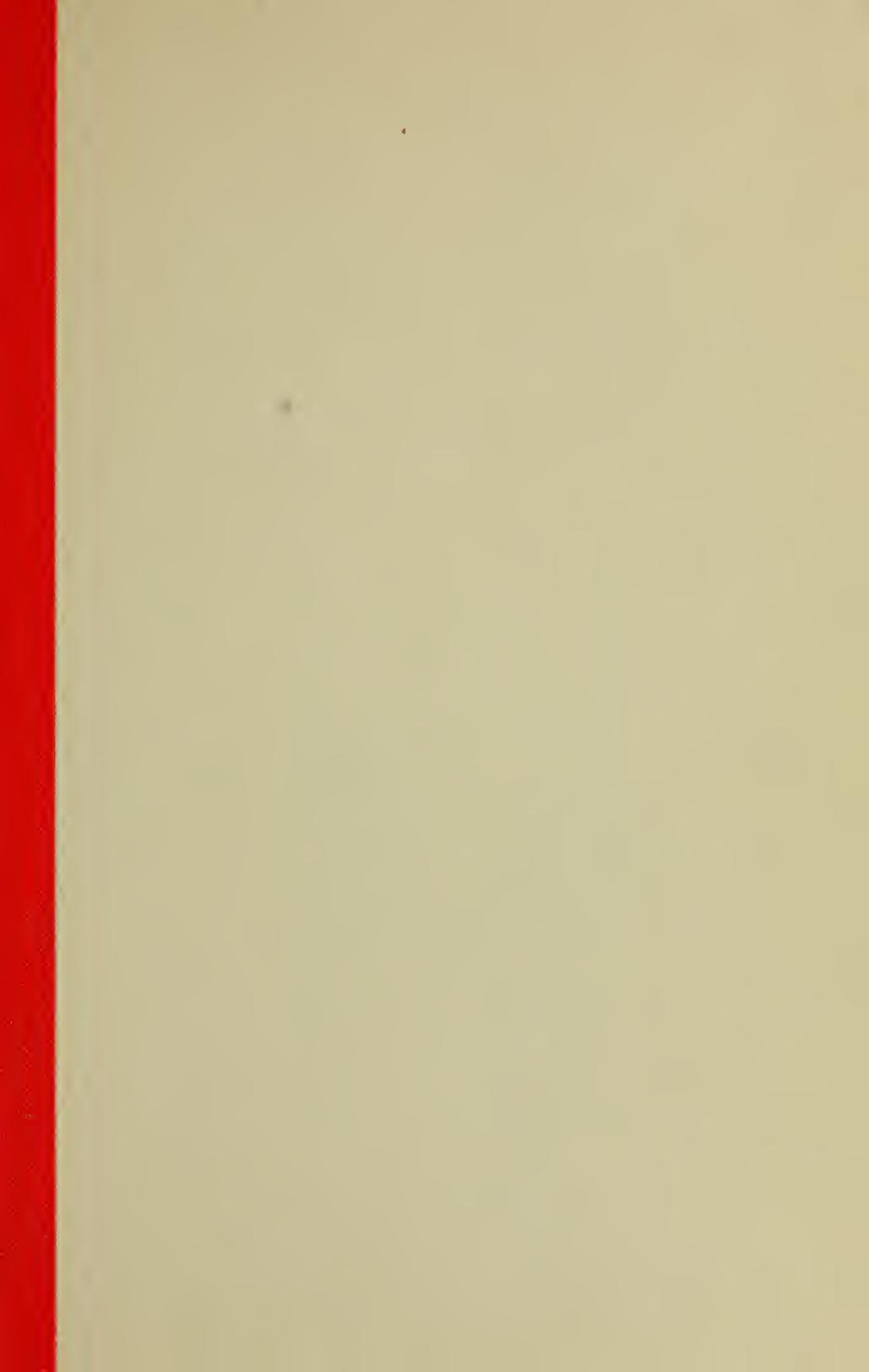
TO BE PRESENTED TO THE LOUISIANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.



HENRY CLAY.







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